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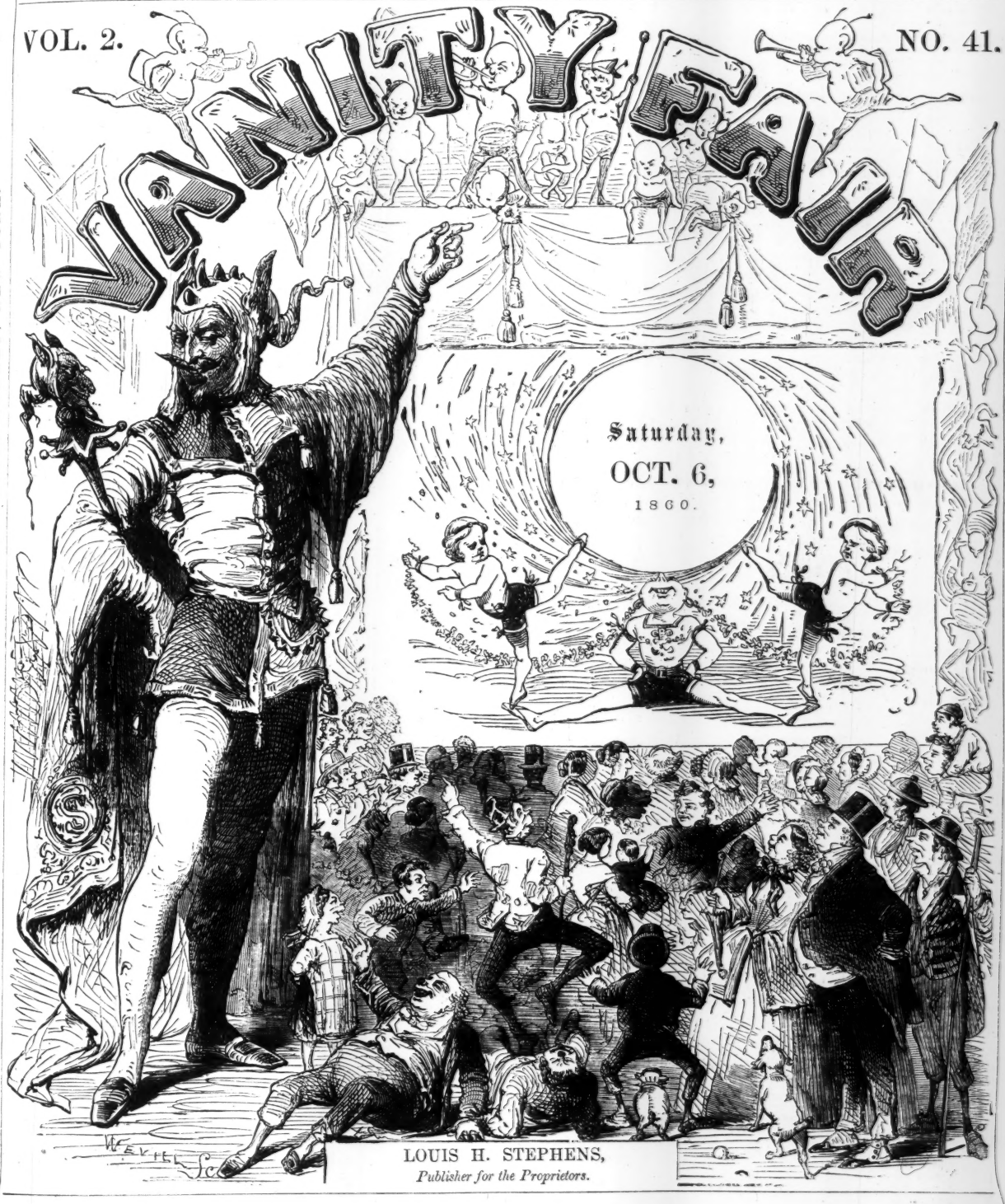
VOL. 2. NO. 41.

VANITY FAIR



Saturday,
OCT. 6,
1860.

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RS LONGA VITA BREVIS.

"Some are born great, some achieve greatness; and some have greatness thrust upon them."

So says St. JEROME, in his Life of Governor HANCOCK, and so says the Bibliographical Editor of VANITY FAIR. It is not his fault—if it be a fault—that its readers are now perusing a third article from him, on the important subject of Bibliography, but that of his admirers, whose name, he is informed, is Legion. He was about to sheathe the stylus forever, or, speaking less classically, to lay down his pen, when he received a note from the editors of V. F., requesting him to continue the series, as he had promised to do in his last. The promise was a joke on his part, and he presumes the readers of V. F. understood it, but the editors did'nt somehow see it in that light, so he felt bound to comply with their request. There was another reason for this decision, (if the truth must be told) and that was a temporary want of what STEDMAN calls "the current of the realm," meaning thereby gold, silver, bank-notes, or approved paper with a good endorser. Added to this was a number of other reasons, in the shape of complimentary letters from the admirers already spoken of. "I have read your two first articles," wrote one young gentleman, of a literary turn of mind, "and they have given me the greatest satisfaction." (We trust we shall always be ready to give any gentleman satisfaction!) "You have mentioned the names of many authors and works, not noticed in LOWNDES and BRUNET. (The critic of the *Tribune*, I see, calls the last named Bibliographer, BURNET!) which convinces me that they are what I have always understood them to be—very imperfect." We disclaimed the young gentleman's compliments, in our modest way, and told him that there were hundreds, possibly thousands of authors and books, with which we were unacquainted. We were familiar, we confessed, with the best Libraries of Europe and America, especially the private ones—but still we had much to learn. He would not allow this for a moment, but maintained that we were the greatest of bibliographers. This rather lengthy paragraph leads us back to our starting point, and shows the fitness of our quotation from St. AUGUSTINE, that, "Some have greatness thrust upon them." We have had greatness thrust upon us, and as RICHARD the 2d said when the crown of Jerusalem was offered to him, (see SHAKSPEARE's Plays.)

"We must have patience to endure the load."

We shall drop Dr. WYNNE, for we consider any further criticism upon him as lost time, (we write for pastime,) and glance at BURTON's Library, the sale of which is soon to come off. We have gone through the Catalogue carefully, and we must say it is very badly done. What, for instance, are we to think of an auctioneer—for we presume the auctioneer manufactured the Catalogue—who writes in this peremptory manner? (Lot 160.) PURCHAS, His Pilgrimage. In the first place we go to a sale, MR. SABIN, to purchase what we please, not what you tell us to. In the second place we should like to know whose pilgrimage it is that we are to purchase. You say His: but who is the *stat nominis umbra* behind that very indefinite pronoun? Is it BURTON? The books are, or rather were, his; is, or was, the pilgrimage his also? Pilgrimage—to what place? And how did he travel—on his muscle? But you need'nt answer, sir. You may sell the volume if you can, but you shall not sell us. We'll none of your purchases.

Among the volumes on American Poetry (lots 235—338) we find BUTLER, Nothing to Wear. Butler, with nothing to wear, may be a nice man for a Catalogue, but he wont be likely to wait on any table hereabouts, except a table of contents.

264. FAIRFIELD (SUM. L.) This author is, or rather was, for we believe he is now deceased, the father of JAMES FAIRFIELD; but the son took it into his head one day that the old gentleman was'nt doing the fair thing by him, so he dropped the first half of his name, which suited him to a T, and called himself JAMES T. FIELD, by which name he is more generally known. He is the junior member of the firm of TICKNOR & FIELDS, publishers, Boston, and has published a small volume of poems, *not* to be found in BURTON's Catalogue, which, we scarcely need say, is very imperfect! MR. FAIRFIELD (we beg pardon, MR. FIELD) travelled in Europe last summer, which led our pious cotemporary, *The Saturday Press*, to chronicle him in this fashion:

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood."

272. KETTEL, (S.) Specimens of American Poetry. (This copy of KETTEL formerly belonged to Dr. POTTS!)

296. MORRIS, (G. P.) The Deserted Bride. The binding of this work, cloth, is wrongly described. The Deserted Bride is in sheets!

313. PRAY, (I-AAC C.) Poems of. This author is a member of the firm of Watch & Pray. ISAAC has his readers, but we don't see ISAAC!

334 WAKONDAH, The Moth of Life. (Our copy reads The Master of Life, but as BURTON's formerly belonged to WILLIS, (NAT.) it may be Moth, after all!)

336. WEEKE'S Poems, 12mo. (This edition was confined to 52 copies, all in 12mos.)

352. COLMAN. There is no author of this name; it is merely the *nom de plume* of COLLIER, the SHAKSPEARE commentator.

355. DOUGLAS, (JAMES.) Travelling Anecdotes through various parts of Europe. This curious volume will soon be completed by the author's brother, S. A. DOUGLAS, who is now travelling through various parts of America, ostensibly looking for his mother, but really to see if he can not get into the White House.

426. WEEVER, (JOHN) Ancient Funeral Monuments, etc. The fame of this author looms above that of his contemporaries. BURTON's copy is a little warped. It formerly belonged to WEBB.

889. BREWER, (ANTHONY) The Love Sick King, etc. BREWER was a small-beer dramatist of the time of CHARLES the First. His best work, (we quote the old spelling) "Ye Risinge of the Yeaste," made him a Master of the Rolls.

970. CONGREVE, (WILLIAM) The Mourning Bride, a Tragedy. This lively dramatist, who was the friend of POPE, SWIFT, and STEELE, was the inventor of the rocket which bears his name. The premature explosion of one of these deadly missiles in his honey moon, made his bride, the Duchess of Marlborough, a Mourning Bride.

1105. FIELD, (NATHANIEL) A Woman is a Weathercock. ("Woman, don't be vain!" is the touching remark of HAZLITT on this play.)

1207. HOME, (JOHN) Dramatic Pieces. This volume was the favorite reading of the late JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, who celebrated its author in his famous song,

"Home, sweet home."

1374. NABBES. This copy was once the property of SHERIFFE, the actress. It was bound by CONSTABLE.

1638. SOUTHERNE, (THOMAS) Plays. The dramas of this author are obsolete. One of them is, however, worthy of preservation, and we advise some of our patriotic managers to produce it as a set off to "The Octoroon." We allude to the farce, "Sound on the Goose." It will delight a Southern audience, in fact almost any audience, if brought out at the right time— say at Christmas, when we are all sound on the goose. (Our copy is bound in Turkey!)

But enough for the present of BURTON's Library. (We may report the Sale.)

Among the very private Libraries of New York and its vicinity, we may mention that of P. T. BARNUM. MR. BARNUM, the reader knows, is the Proprietor of the Moral Museum, and is celebrated in both Hemispheres as the greatest showman alive. He is also—but for further information consult his Life, copies of which may be found at the book stalls, with other rarities, labeled "25 Cents Each." MR. BARNUM's collection is too large to be described in detail. Here are some of its curiosities. WOOL on the Horse, (FREMONT'S copy.) The Works of SAM SLICK, the Clock-maker.

(Mr. BARNUM considers these the costliest works in his Library. Many notes are attached!) GOLDSMITH'S Animated Nature. (JENNY LIND'S copy.) DIDDLER on the Art of Raising the Wind. (Dr. BELLOWS' copy.) BELL'S Anatomy. (A present from the Living Skeleton.) SUET'S History of Greece. (Fat Boy's copy.) FEE GEE on Mermaids. The Everlasting Nigger. (Portrait of JOYCE HETH.)

HORACE: Opera. (Bought by JENNY LIND, under the impression that it was a musical production by some unknown composer!) The Gull's Horn Book. CARLYLE on Shams. (Said to be PETER the Great's copy: at any rate it is bound in Petersham!) WHITE on Albinos. Dunder and Blitzen. (Signor BLITZ'S copy.) Lives of celebrated Guys, including GUY FAUX, and GUY of Warwick. BURNHAM'S Hen Fever, With a View of Shanghae.

A correspondent sends us a list of books, but omits to state in whose Libraries they are found. We give the names of some of the best. A Critique on Impossibilities. By EMMANUEL KANT. [This work must belong to the editor in chief of the *World*; for, judging by his articles, we should say he was filled with Cant!] JACK TAR'S Song of a dolorous Pitch. (In the Library of Mr. CAULKINS?) The New Creation; By an OLD MAID. (Is not this an effort of Suckling?) SHREWS on Railways, and The LAW of Battery, An enlargement from the original. (Evidently in Mr. LAW'S Collection.) Essay on Roofing; By A. TYLER. Platitudes of a Chamberlain; By an Artisan. (Bank's copy?) Deleterious effects of Soda Water; FOUNTAIN. LANDSEER on Surveying. Survey of Porte: HART. (This last volume is in the Custom House Library, where may be found the Habits of the Oyster: Shell. (Mr. SHELL, we may remark *en passant* is *the* collector of New York.) The Tragedies of Rowe, (mu[illegible]) FLINT on Locks. (HOBBES' copy?) The End of Mormonism: HYDE. A treatise on the Adder. By the Lightning Calculator. CHESTERFIELD on Bows, (A few leaves wanting.) The works of DYCE. (RAFFLE'S copy.)

We have just received a circular from an enterprising New York publisher, calling attention to his novel wares. He is the originator of a new idea in Literature, which is the publishing of a series of novels with taking titles, at One Dime each. Having made a ten strike so far, he announces the following works, as being in Press, in Dime-ond editions. His list is alphabetically arranged, the reader will observe.

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Send in your orders at once. Large discount to the trade.

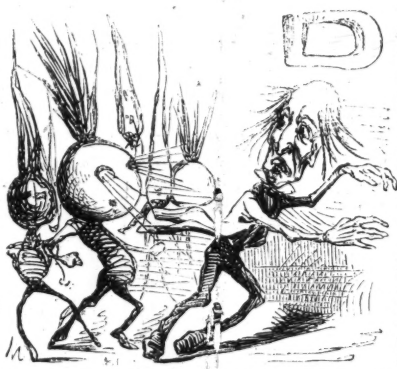
IMPORTED DOGS.

The Mayor's Marshal complains that impositions have been practiced on the dog-pound institution, by bringing over dogs from New Jersey and elsewhere, and he intends submitting an ordinance to the Common Council, to prevent such importation. We will admit, now, that hardly anything could be more reprehensible than the importation of a Jersey dog; but on reading the following paragraph, taken from a late number of the Galveston *Daily Civilian*, we could not help thinking that the South might supply us with something in the canine way that might be useful to us in more ways than one, setting the pound question aside, altogether.

Edward Sydnor, of Hanover, Va., has two pointer dogs which can worm more tobacco in a day, than any two hands he owns. The dogs run along the furrows and show the greatest sagacity in detecting worms, finding them by the scent and eye. They never injure the plant, and where the field has been overlook the insects the dogs are sure to find them.

As prevention is better than cure, would it not be well to import a number of pointers of the Hanover, Va., breed, for the purpose of "worming" our city parks in the early Spring time, ere the young and toddling "geometer worms" have yet acquired strength enough to ascend the trees? Nay, the Hanover pointers might discharge a higher mission than this. They might be induced to "worm" the tobacco sodden plants known as the Common Council, so as to worm out the secret of such diseases as the Japanese Swindle. Should these valuable pointers be tried then, and prove themselves capable of thus pointing a moral, we will undertake to adorn their tails at our own private expense.

THE VEGETARIANS.



DEAR *Editor of Vanity Fair*:—Suffering as I now am from inflictions heaped on my plate three times a day by my cabbage headed husband, I have determined to appeal to you for sympathy, and advice; understanding you give away vast amounts of the latter to all applicants. About a week since my husband went over to that wretched Philadelphia, as he said, on business. I have since learned it was only to attend The Eleventh Anniversary of the American Vegetarian Society, and to cram his head with nonsensical ideas about beans, and potatoes, and cold water. He tells me that among the resolutions adopted by the Society was this:

"That facts well established, abundantly prove that those who live exclusively on a vegetable diet *can* and *do* endure the extreme of heat and cold, hard and long continuous toil and exposure, and long continued privation, better than those who live on a flesh or mixed diet."

And a truer resolution never was offered, for since my husband has turned vegetarian "facts well established prove that those who live exclusively on vegetable diet *can and do endure long continued privation*:" and I am a living proof of the same; and expect to have to endure all the other sufferings mentioned in the resolution, solely from having a potatoe eating, cold-water drinking, slim stick of a husband. It is enough to make one cry, to find at breakfast instead of a good cup of warm coffee and boiling milk, nothing but a large pitcher of *cold*-ice-water! Then for dinner instead of roast beef or chickens a plate of cold-boiled-beans! And at tea time instead of the warm comfort of a cup of good black tea, a fiendish red radish, and a cold-white-potatoe! Ugh!

I will sue for a divorce from this garden bed and vegetable bored life, that I will! I won't stand it, I can't stand it. I am so weak I have to sit down to write this, all from his odious vegetarian diet, which is not mete for me to eat, and is only fit for an old cow, instead of the graceful but half starved

JULIA BEFEETER.

Brooklyn, Sep. 25, 1860.

D AND THE D.

"The wit and humor of Judge DOUGLAS" says a Buffalo-ly paper "*is* as irresistible as his argument." In proof whereof the said meek and lowly cotemporary proceeds to tell us the story somewhat as follows: When the train stopped at a little town in Vermont, during his recent mother hunting tour through that State, Judge DOUGLAS stepped upon the rear platform, and said a few kind words to the crowd who insisted upon seeing and hearing him. Some enthusiastic Republican proposed three cheers for LINCOLN, which were heartily given, when Judge DOUGLAS smilingly turned to the crowd and said: "Fellow-citizens: In his absence I feel called upon to respond to that compliment to my friend LINCOLN. Whatever of credit is due to him I feel a right to claim an interest in it, for he and I belong to the same State. I am his friend, and he is my friend; and you, the partisans of Mr. LINCOLN, should be my friends, for if it had not been for me you never would have known him as a candidate for the Presidency." The effect of this happy turn was electrical, and called forth rapturous applause, the Republicans joining loudly in it.

All very pleasant indeed—first rate—jolly companions every one. DOUGLAS—v'r' goo—f'lo—LINK'N firs' rate f'lo—hip-hip—*hurrah!* A merry jest my masters, an excellent jest! But not altogether bran-new; with all respect to the jolly Judge be it said. After the Arch Enemy had been cast out of heaven, say the Talmudists or Arabs or some sort of Orientals, and when he was reviled by the angels he turned to MICHAEL and said, "when were you heard of till you became great by conquering me? You should hold me for your best friend." And to AZRAEL, the Angel of Death he said, "where were *you* before I brought Death into the world? Who has been more your friend than I?" And the angels were silenced—even as the Republicans were corked up, occluded and operculated at "the little town in Vermont.

TROUBLE AGAIN AT THE CENTRAL PARK.

Rural Friend.—"CAN THEE TELL ME WHY THOSE SWANS ARE SO CONTENTIOUS; BATHING AND SPLASHING SO FURIOUSLY!"

Policeman.—"NATURAL DIFFICULTY, SIR. ENGLISH SWANS JUST ARRIVE. ONE ON 'EM SAID 'AMBURG—ON WHICH A GENTLEMAN SWAN DOVE DOWN FOR THE LOST H, AND THEY'VE BIN A FIGHTIN' ABOUT IN EVER SINCE!"

A Nice Mercantile Question.

In looking over the list of Officers of the great Union Meeting at the Cooper Institute, V. F. recognizing some names that were very blatant for FREMONT in 1860, wishes to ask the following question:

If in 1856, JONES, was an irrepressible Free Soiler because his business was with that section of country where such sentiments "did most preponderate," and therefore was an ardent supporter of FREMONT, Woolly Horse and all, and if JONES is non-cultivating "the Southern Trade," which JONES, BROWN and ROBINSON, have discovered to be more advantageous to their Bank account, and if the said JONES is therefore found figuring as a Vice at this Union Meeting, is this conversion a matter of "principle," or one of "interest?"

Will some of the patriotic Broadway merchants respond?

From our own Lunatic.

Q. What place of public entertainment do a couple of goats, with their horns in a position of defence, remind one of?

A. Nibblers Guarding.

A person experienced in the care of lunatics informs us that NIBLO'S GARDEN is probably the place alluded to in in the answer, as above.

A Word for Master Brooks.

The *Express* warns his friends not to vote for the Black Republicans, in the following dreadful English: "They are preparing to re-do the coming winter just what they *done* last winter." Surely thee ditor should have wound up such a paragraph with, "It can't be *did*. Nothing could have been more appositely ungrammatical.

"FARMERS" ATTENTION!

NEW-YORK, September 20th, 1860.

Editor of Vanity Fair.

SIR:—I have read Mr. JEDEDIAH FARMER'S rejoinder to my letter of Aug. 16th and, sir, to the indignation I before experienced is now superadded an amount of contempt sufficiently prodigious to embrace ten acres of such specimens of humanity. In fact I am disgusted with J. F. Why don't he show himself to be a man—a whole man, and not depend, as he seems to do, for the very breath he draws, on his JERUSHA and SARAH JANE!

He says he was not frightened by my letter. Well of course he wasn't frightened; I couldn't expect him to be; he evidently hadn't anything to do it with. It takes a man of parts to be frightened in these days. However, I accept his apology. But I tremble, Mr. Editor, when I think of what might have happened if he *had* been frightened! What a catastrophically calamitous disaster that would have been!

Then he attemps to be severe. He calls me an "*individual!*" not even qualified by an adjective! in a manner, too, which he undoubtedly intended should irrecoverably disturb my equanimity, and blast my prospects of bliss for all time to come! Cruel, relentless JEDEDIAH! How could he do it! Do you think, Mr. Editor, that he will keep on doing it? Sir, Jersey's soil could'nt be anything *but* red—she couldn't help *blushing forty feet deep* at the thought of rearing and feeding such scalawags; such miserable, lean, lank, slow, slab-sided, awkward, chicken-livered contemptibilities as this person FARMER! I feel for poor Jersey! my very sole cries out! but still, "blessed are the uses of adversity," so Jersey, keep a good heart.

I do not hesitate to declare to you, Mr. Editor, my firm conviction and belief that JEDEDIAH FARMER is, after all, only a mass of heterogeneous particles, endowed with vitality and instinct, *quantum suff*, to keep him from starving to death. I do not believe he is even a *vertebrate!* I give him credit for knowing about as much as my four year old brother does in a minute, but then it takes him a week to do it. And what *does* the man mean by "*easy* Jersey mud?" I have once or twice been—to my sorrow—in that country, but I must say I never found any there that was "easy."

He goes on to say that he "never sends *old* berries or corn to market," when he knows that he sends them just as old as possible to be at all fit to eat. He would'nt dare to send 'em any older. (By the way, if he will take the trouble to send that "*old saw*" which talks in such a knowing way about "bread and butter" to BARNUM, he might make a good thing out of it.)

As to my assertion about the numbers of eyes mutilated by his umbrellas, he has not one word to say: glad to see it: shows that he has been to our city often enough to pick up a little decency. And then, how comforting to find that at least one man born in Jersey, the *Musical World* man has been brought—perhaps he came without any bringing—to see the error of his ways; to cry O! the difference between BOONTON and BON TON! and take the next train for New-York. Sir, I once knew a man who had an uncle—perfectly sane man except on one point: he wanted to turn his back on civilization and go into Jersey! He went. *He died in six weeks!!* and I cannot blame the poor man. Indeed I think it would be a work of mercy to exterminate, blot out, eradicate and utterly annihilate the whole race of raw unmitigated Jersey JEDEDIAHS, for to be anywhere within telegraph shot of one of them is —CR-R-RÉ DIEU! it is enough to annoy, pester, molest, bother, trouble, disturb, tease, worry, tantalize, aggravate, distract, exasperate, provoke, irritate, torment, harass, enrage, and eventually prepare any man of sensibility to enjoy rather than otherwise a state of complete moral, physical, mental and intellectual eternal, endless everlasting misery and perdition *in Sæcula Sæculorum.*

Yours mildly,

COSMOPOLITE.

Gospel Light in Illinois.

Those who walked in darkness near Mount Vernon, Ill., saw a great light some days since, when they burned up the Sunday school library there. The books were regarded as containing incendiary doctrines, and Ill o'Noise men quietly made light of them. From which we learn that, as of old, *Vernon semper viret.*

Tow vs. Toe.

If King BOMBALINO was not literally Kicked out of Naples by GARIBALDI, it is at least certain that he was Towed out of the bay the day he absconded.

PRINCE OF WALESIA.

WHILE in Montreal, the Prince more than once displayed his familiarity with the history of that city. Observing that General BRUCE invariably declined to partake of eggs during the sojourn of the royal party there, H. R. H. said to him one morning, at breakfast:

"You were here when your noble brother governed the colony, BRUCE?"

"Yes, may it please your Royal Highness," replied the General; "I was here with ELGIN, from first to last."

"Eggs were plenty, here, in those days—e?" said the Prince.

"They were very plenty, sir."

"And as to quality?"

"Bad, please your Royal Highness."

"And they pelted your noble brother with them?"

"They did, sir."

"And yourself?"

"Me, too, sir."

"Now that is very interesting!" cried the Prince; "I should like to hear all about it from one who was present. 'Ask, inquire, ask those who know,' as the quack doctors say in the newspapers. Tell us all about it, BRUCE."

And then the General, with a spasmodic smile, narrated to the young Prince the events of that day in the summer of 1849, when the city of Montreal stood out like a great basket of bad eggs, and the people of Montreal stood by it like one man and drove the Earl of ELGIN ignominiously from the city, amid a hurtling volley of the disgusting missiles.

"I never saw eggs go like those, before or since," said the General, "and if they didn't hit us, they flew over us like a stream of wild pigeons, so that, indeed, the carriage in which we made our escape whirled along beneath a perfect tunnel of them, for more than a mile."

"Then your victors treated you as the ancient Romans served their prisoners of war?" remarked the Prince.

"And how was that, may it please your Royal Highness?"

"Sent you *sub jugo*—under the yoke: o, I, yoke, you know," said the Prince.

"They did *that*," rejoined the General, with a retrospective wince, which imparted a slightly collapsed expression to his features.

"Never mind, BRUCE," continued the Prince, good-naturedly, observing the shudder: "but think of the Greek proverb, *kakou korakos kakcon oon*—'bad crow never laid good egg'—and be sure there must have been something rotten in the state of things that produced such unpalatable results."

"That's jolly for old BRUCE!" whispered the small English midshipman to ELLIOT of the Guards—"his brother was Governor of Canada, then, you know, and the Prince must mean him when he talks about the crow that produced the bad egg."

The official appointment held by General BRUCE is that of tutor to the Prince of Wales—a capacity in which, however, the gallant guardsman is not expected to display any familiarity with the dead languages. Nevertheless the Prince, who is fresh from Oxford, delights in perplexing him with classical quips and queries.

"I am getting rusty in my classics, already, BRUCE," said the Prince, one day: "SANDERSON has been posting me up in Americanisms, and that has put the Greek and Latin out of my head, I think. Now here's an American *carte* he's just been showing me—bill of fare at one of their slap-up hotels, you know—and there's one item in it I must have the Latin of, but can't think of it for the life of me."

"And what may that be, your Royal Highness," inquired the tutor, respectfully.

"A 'squab on toast,'" replied the Prince.

In the physical sciences, too, the prince is sometimes teasingly exacting towards his tutor—for example in Zoology, in which H. R. H. takes an intense interest, losing no opportunity of extending his acquaintance with the fur, fin, and feather of our continent.

During the sojourn of the royal party at Niagara Falls, Lord HINCHINGBROOKE came galloping up to Clifton Lodge in a great state of excitement, saying that a most interesting event had just transpired by the roadside, near Queenston Heights—a rattlesnake had swallowed a raccoon.

The Prince, with his suite, immediately proceeded to the spot, where the serpent, torpid since his deglutition of a somewhat stoutish quadruped, lay bloated and languid in the yellow dust of the road.

Looking around for a seat, from which to contemplate the spectacle at his ease, the Prince could see nothing better than a rail of the fence, on which he sat, accordingly, the members of his staff standing in the field behind him, at a respectful distance.

"Now, BRUCE," said the Prince, "tell us something about it—these rattlesnakes are queer customers: don't they live with other animals, sometimes—with wolves, or prairie hens, or something?"

"They have been known to reside with prairie dogs, not hens, may it please your Royal Highness," replied the tutor.

"And with birds?" proceeded the Prince.

"With burrowing owls, we are told, sir," said the tutor.

"And with any other creatures?"

"Not that I know of, please your Royal Highness," replied the tutor.

"I don't think you know much about it, BRUCE," continued the Prince. "Rattlesnakes undoubtedly associate with other animals besides prairie dogs and owls. This fellow does at any rate."

"And how is that, your Royal Highness?" inquired the tutor.

"He seems very thick with a 'coon, just now," replied the Prince.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE.

OFFICE OF THE WORLD, September 28, 1860.

Dear Vanity:

Why is the *Tribune* like a very mellow pear? It's soft To Centre. (Two Cent-er.) Groans from Kansas!

Yours religiously, WORLD.

TRIBUNE OFFICE, September 28, 1860.

Dear Vanity Fair:

It is with great pleasure that we see you pitch into that miserable World—that summital Hight of stupidity—that Theater of cant, one number of which would outweigh a Ton of common heaviness. Please accept the following and enter to our credit.

"Why is the World not worth even a needle. Because nobody would give *A-cus* for it

(N. B. *A-cus* is the Latin for needle)

Yours irreligiously, TRIBUNE.

OFFICE N. Y. TIMES, Sept. 28 1860.

Dear Vanity Fair:

Why are the editors of the *Herald, and Tribune* like good for nothing railroad guides.

Because they're worthless Journey-Lists.

Yours temporally, TIMES.

Heraldry and Knighthood.

The *Herald*—the philanthropic *Herald*—the consistent *Herald*, has the following in regard to the Western tour of the Prince. "The Western people whom they meet, are pleasant, cordial, anxious to make them comfortable, but never intruding upon or annoying them." A little further on thus:

"No one then expects they are *to be knighted*, or to receive the red ribbon of the bath." Now if the people are so pleasant, so cordial, so anxious to please," who *does* expect they are to benighted. It would be proper to ask, are they benighted at all. Is the red ribbon of the bath to be called a ribbon of water-color? And why, Oh, JAMES G. B. do you spell bath with a small *b*? Is it possible that the time has come when *you* neglect to "make capital" of anything that you can lay hold of? And to crown all, have you not read your own telegraphic despatch enough to prevent you from making such a blunder as to say: "The idea of taking the Prince to the West, and then conveying him to the Atlantic cities by easy stages, was most happy?" When, Oh *Herald* man, has the Prince been conveyed by *easy stages!* Don't you know he came on the cars? Or even if he came by stages at all, how do you know they were easy? You evince, Oh *Herald* man, your usual recklessness of statement, and you ought to be repressed.

QUITE A MORAL SENTIMENT.

Benevolent but very absent minded friend.—"LIFE IS SHORT, MY GOOD LITTLE ROBINSON, AND A GREAT PART OF IT RAINY; BUT HOW OFTEN THE SHOWER IS TEMPERED TO THE GOOD MAN BY THE INCIDENT OF A FRIEND WITH AN UMBRELLA!"

(*Little Robinson, whose hat is quite new, feels the rain, but doesn't see the sentiment.*

MUSICAL CRITICISM.

Since musical criticism is becoming a part of humorous literature, it is of course indispensable to V. F. The daily papers have found it an unfailing source of amusement to their readers; if we are not quite so successful let one small experience excuse us. A certain degree of absurdity is easily attained. But to become "infernally ridiculous" a man must keep at it all the time. As we are not yet so hardened in this kind of nonsense, but that lapses of intelligence will occasionally occur, any competition with the Dailies, is of course out of the question. The Royal road to folly, is not open to all. If you have a genius for stupidity—very good—you get a situation as Critic at once; if not, ah! well, you must qualify yourself as you can.

The most important element of musical criticism, is undoubtedly, ignorance of music. It alone is sufficient qualification, yet with laudable liberality, ignorance of grammar, ignorance of æsthetic thingumabobs, in short, as MICAWBER would say, in short—all sorts of ignorance are generally added. Here is the difficulty before you. To become a musical critic, you must unlearn all you have learned. Do you know one note from another? The devil you do! Can you distinguish French from Italian? Then heaven help you! My dear sir, there is no position for you at present on this paper. Do you not know that your knowledge is an insurmountable impediment to success? All Art Criticism whether of Music, Painting, or Poetry, must first of all be popular. You must write what everybody can understand.

"Ah!" said little Mr. FALSETTO, "Mr. THALBERG, are you fond of music?"

THALBERG looked at him steadfastly, and said he thought he was.

"O! so am I," said the other," Music is so refined, so disembodied, so what's his name, and sounds so splendid on the water. And do you play by note or ear? Note, indeed! *I* play a little too. Yes, with one finger."

The youthful tenor held it out. THALBERG took hold of it, and examined it narrowly. "Is this the finger?" "Yes," was the blushing reply, "but I *can* play with my thumb. O! Mr. THALBERG, do you know the tune of the Anvil Chorus? It goes—tum—tum—tum ti tum—ti tum. Very different you know from the serenade, which goes deedle de de, de do-o-ho."

Mr. THALBERG looked like a man with a new idea, and said there was certainly some difference; he advised Mr. FALSETTO if ever in danger of deafness to burn out his ears with a hot wire. Shortly afterwards he sailed for Europe.

Such a critic would make his fortune in New York. Were Mr. FALSETTO professional, we would engage him at once. In this default we must put up with a modest imitation of the Daily papers. Our Critic is well qualified, though not as ignorant as the public is accustomed to, nor of an insanity sufficiently profound. He is however very hard of hearing, a point in his favor. Our rivals never thought of deafness, it is enough that their critics are dumb. By the by he has just sent in his first Critique.

"THE ITALIAN OPERA. The large and fashionable audience that attended the performance of *La Trovatore* must have gratified the enterprising management. Of course the great feature was MUSIANI in his *ut di petto*. CORTESI though she cannot claim any *do di poitriné*, used her *glottis* with great effect, especially in the *Cavatinas*. AMODIO sang several *boleros*. The opening serenade being very successful, MUSIANI repeated it in the *Miserere*, but we suggest more careful rehearsals of this *mise en scene*, as CORTESI *interrupted* him several times, especially towards the end. The *Il Traviata* was well played last night. We are used to BRIGGNOLIA in this play, and were not pleased with the production of another. BRIGGNOLIA knows the tunes. When shall we have the florid music of ROSSINA. There is an *allegretto* about it a sort of a *crechiendo*, a *fruitiness*, that reminds us of ROSSINI in his palmy days.

"One thing needs reform. Our readers will see that we allude to the *Coro Jutti*. We have noticed that in *La Travatore*, the same men appear in different dresses, sometimes as the wandering *Zingari*, and again as soldiers. This should not be. The parties are directly opposed. Therefore to make a *bass Zingari* sing that he has killed a *tenor soldat*, is to encouraged either suicide or falsehood, as *he* is not *him*, but the other one in disguise. Now as the purpose of the Opera is to inculcate morality, how can this departure from truth, be justified by ULLMAN?"

SOMETHING LIKE A CHANCE.

Since recording the great application of CACTUS DI TANCREDI, for money and married bliss, we find no case which appeals so powerfully to the simp—no not plicity, but—pathy of the Richly Endowed, as the following, which we extract from our unprincipled, but brilliant and immoral, but fast—in short from our witty and wicked cotemporary the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, of Sep. 12:

"A GENTLEMAN OF REFINEMENT, JUST DISMISSED ON VERY TRIVIAL grounds from the suite of the Prince of Wales, finds himself suddenly reduced to positive want, and is anxious to meet with assistance of a pecuniary nature in the shape of a loan, until a situation of a suitable character shall present itself, whereby he may earn his livelihood, and repay his benefactor for the important service rendered him."

The idea!

The idea of a Prince of Whaler—one refined doubtless to such a pitch that white sugar would be nowhere near him—finding himself positively hard up, cornered, un-cashed, bradless, tinless, fundless, dimeless—in one portentous and bran-new word—unspondulixed

And in these times too; in the land of the free and the home of etcetera.

Where are the editors who want every detail of H. R. H's boots, coats, down-sittings and uprisings?

Where are the ambitious old ladies who adore Royalty—even to its cast off rags.

Where are the ambitious young ones, desirous of learning the winning ways of captivating Princes?

Where are the Party Givers?

Where are the Benevolent?

Where are the Fifth a-Venue-trals who want to be Sold?

Where is JENKINS?

Where is the *Herald* Reporter.

And finally,

Where is BARNUM!

Surely, while these persons have cash in their pockets, or in those to which they have access, no ex-lackey of the Prince—we mean Baron RENFREW—much less one of his double refined gentlemen should be driven to advertising for a loan in that depraved organ of the dangerous classes, *The Philadelphia Inquirer*.

From Italy.

Some time since the correspondent of an English journal predicted that GARIBALDI would "never add one foot to the dominions of King VICTOR EMMANUEL." Never mind. GARIBALDI will soon get possession of the whole Boot, and then V. E. can put One Foot in it as soon as he likes.

The New Conflict of Ages.

The ages of Misses SMITH, JONES, BROWN, and other Single Ladies, as shown in the Census returns of 1850 and 1860.

"PRECISELY SO."

Clara.—I AM SO GLAD WE'VE BEATEN THAT HORRID MISS JONES AND HER BEAU! FRED, YOU DO DRIVE DELIGHTFULLY!

Fred.—"WHO—O—O—OE! PRETTY BOY—YES—THANK-AH,—BUT—WOULD—YOU—HAVE—ANY—SEWIOUS—OBJECTION—TO,—AH, MY—GUIDING—HIM-INTO—THIS—AH—HEDGE?"

THE NORTHAMPTON BASTILE

There is nothing dearer to VANITY FAIR than the advancement of Sound Morality, and True Religion.

To do what is right, to do it quietly and unostentatiously, to cultivate all that is charitable, gentle, genial and manly, requires respect for Religion, for the simple reason that all are, like it, branches of the practical development of truth in life.

But VANITY FAIR has no respect for a vast amount of popular unreason, conventionalism, folly and arrogance which passes current in the brains of ignorant and vulgar men for piety. And quite as little has it for the great majority of anecdotes and instances of wonderful conversions, which appear in certain "religious" cotemporaries; and of which a very strong specimen is forwarded us, credited to the Boston *Recorder*.

In the marvellous instance referred to, entitled Satan missing his Aim, we learn that an Irish Catholic woman living near Northampton Mass. had attended a Protestant meeting and received religious impressions.

> "Her husband, enraged, trumped up a charge of insanity against her, and secured her commitment to the insane hospital at Northampton. The distressed woman resisted with all her might, but it was of no use; all supposed she was deranged, and she took her place among the insane, and soon found reason for quiet submission. She found herself in quiet quarters, and was of course allowed to hear preaching, and had all the Protestant preaching which she desired".

Here the woman's religious convictions were strengthened and she became "hopefully pious." At least, she received instruction and impressions as to the way of life, which "*he trust* will not easily be lost." Boston *Recorder* rejoices greatly thereover.

From which we are to infer that a false commitment to an Asylum by a vindictive relative, is something to rejoice over if it leads to conversion, and consequently if plenty of good preaching be provided at such institutions it is quite right to imprison people there—no matter in what manner!

Is not this the legitimate deduction from such an anecdote, repeated in a tone of rejoicing?

Be it observed that no word of blame is found for the husband, nor is a syllable uttered against the iniquitous directors or managers of the Northampton Asylum. We pronounce them iniquitous be it observed on the authority of the *Recorder* which gives us directly to understand, that the woman was imprisoned though not insane at all. In fact if she had been, her value as a convert and consequently that of the story would be seriously invalidated.

Well—the scoundrelly husband, and the still more scoundrelly Directors are passed by without a word of blame. No comment is made on the fact that the victim was torn from her home and children—no horror expressed that such an infamous Bastile system of *letters de cachet* still disgraces Massachusetts—nothing of the kind! All is swallowed up in the crowning fact that she received instruction and impressions which the *Recorder* trusts will not easily be lost!

According to the truth or falsehood of this story, either the Directors of the Asylum, or the editors of the *Recorder* deserve pretty savage punishment—hot, strong sharp and plenty of it. We sincerely trust that the guilty parties—one *or the other*—may be speedily brought to justice!

Conjurgium non Conjugium.

BY AN OLD BACHELOR.

DICK leads, it is known, with his beautiful wife—
In spite of their vows—such a turbulent life;
The social condition of DICK and his mate
Should surely be called the *conjurgial* state.

Nautical.

Q. Supposing Lord RENFREW had fallen into the water, when some members of his suite were jostled overboard by the crowd at Detroit, why would he have run less danger of being drowned than any of them?

A. Because he was the *Dux* of the party.

The Douglas Offer of Fusion. (Philadelphian.)

Turkey for me, Turkey Buzzard for you.

THE RECEPTION AT WASHINGTON.

Mrs. Buchanan, the Step-mother of her Country "BLESS ME—NOW AINT HE SO LIKE HIS BLESSED MA?"

PEORIA AND PIKE OUTDONE.

YEARS ago some American journalist spoke of frequently meeting, rude independent men gifted with "a savage consciousness of owing respect to no one." The character is not uncommon. Everybody has encountered at times, men whose eyes gleamed with gratuitous insolence; persons whose vulgarity from being passive had become active, and whose favorite displays of wretched and contemptible egotism, took the form of uncalled for annoyance, impoliteness or at least the affectation of disagreeable oddity.

VANITY FAIR when it heard that at Niagara a Vulgar Rascal had ridden rudely through Baron RENFREW's cortege, dusting that amiable young man and friends, for no other purpose than that of displaying Rascal's excessive sense of self, VANITY mentally made a note of the occurrence as one soon to be followed by others. They came in due time—the last, which has been regarded by several cotemporaries as immensely amusing, being chronicled in the following words by the N. Y. *Times:*

"At Chicago, while at the grain elevator of Mr. SPURGIS, LONG JOHN said: "Baron I raise pigs and puppies at my farm. The pigs are your father's own breed; I'll send yon a roast, and if it isn't good *you must blame the old gentleman* for it." Mr. STURGIS, who is more wealthy than wise, said when introduced "Lord RENFREW, eh! But you're no better than anybody. Let me call you Mister RENFREW," and to the infinite amusement of the whole party, he persisted in that address during the entire visit."

Now we would like to ask Mr. JOHN WENTWORTH, Mayor of Chicago, if he considers himself a gentleman? A gentleman in any sense of the word? We would wish also to be informed if this was an act of common decency, or rather if it was not a piece of vulgar, impertinent, vile indecency, when showing Baron RENFREW the hospitalities of the city to speak of his father Prince ALBERT as "the old gentleman." Mr. WENTWORTH—you know that it was indecent, and though the expression may have been laughed *at* as characteristic of an ignorant Hoosier it was none the less disgraceful.

As for the clown in grain, who gratuitously informed Baron RENFREW that he was "no better than anybody else," we pass him by with the hope that his intolerable itching to be insolent was relieved by his speech and by his subsequent low bred conduct. Meanwhile we have a word or two to utter on this subject of voluntary vulgarity, which it would be well for some of our irrepressibly independent friends to consider.

The Snob who in Europe becomes the Flunkey, Toady and Slave, takes in America the form of the Braggart and Rowdy. When VANITY FAIR hears an individual blustering and boasting in an uncalled for manner, that he is "as good as anybody," V. F. concludes that the self-conceit which prompts the remark would—say in England—have impelled the same individual to distinguish himself by "booing" and kneeling. As the late Mr. CAUDLE remarked to Mr. PRETTYMAN, "Tyrants are only slaves turned inside out." And having expressed its own views on this subject, VANITY FAIR concludes with a paragraph on it, which has been received since writing the above and which we believe expresses not only the opinions of one, but all its contributors, and not only of them but of all well-bred and courteous people in the country.

RATHER ROUGH IN THE GRAIN.

We are told by the correspondents of the daily journals, how Lord RENFREW paid a visit to a famous grain-elevator, while at Chicago. This grain-elevator belongs to a SOMETHING STURGIS, esq., we don't know his Christian name, who signalized himself by addressing his visitor, Lord RENFREW, thus: "You're Lord RENFREW, be you. Oh law! you ain't no better than me, I ain't a going to lord you, Mr. RENFREW, *I* ain't!"—and so persisted in calling his visitor "MR. RENFREW," during his interview with him. Western men, generally, enjoy the reputation of being rather rough in the grain. Now we don't think that STURGIS, who keeps a grain-elevator, uses it much to elevate the standard of that kind of grain—WE DON'T.

DRUG LITERATURE.

Editors of Vanity Fair:

SIR:—Notwithstanding the efforts of the *Ledger* and several other purely romantic masters of modern fiction to improve the general tone of the literature of the day, it must be obvious to the most casual observer that their efforts have not been successful with regard to that branch of it which may be denominated the Drug—by which however, I do not in any way refer to Poetry, which by some has been termed a drug in the literary market. The branch of literature to which I allude is that professing to be the exponent of that meritorious class of persons whose name will ever be associated with the pill, the potion, and the essence. Estimable though many—nay all—of these persons are, it is lamentable to peruse the productions of their pens—productions in which we look in vain for the capacity of COBB, the elegance of EVERETT, or the solidity of SOUTHWORTH. Instead of gilding the pill they aggravate it; their potions are rendered intolerable by their attempts to sweeten them; their unguents depreciated by their ungrammatical eulogy.

Reflecting upon these matters, I have concluded to open an office in which, aided by a corps of able and intelligent writers, I will be at all times ready to furnish inventors of patent medicines and perfumery, with romances adapted to their several requirements. I have now in hand seven stories of a most thrilling character, founded upon pills; in nine of which the motives are pectoral, and eleven based entirely upon the only real virtue, almost, to be reckoned upon in these our times—the virtue of hair oil.

As a specimen of my style in the romance, and of my ability to meet any possible requirements, I append the following little tale.

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.

Not long since, a gentleman out West who was much interested in the welfare of an emigrant train proceeding by the overland route to California, received a telegram from some remote station, announcing that the travellers had been attacked and plundered by the Indians. The telegram added that the savages had "speared the lives of all the whites."

In an agony of grief, the recipient of the sad message wrung his hands and tore his hair, and might have proceeded to other extremities had not the telegraph operator rushed in to tell him that he had made a slight mistake in reporting the telegram, which read, properly, "spared the lives of all the whites."

This made some difference, of course, and the gentleman's only regret now was that he had torn out so much of his hair before the circumstances of the case were fully established—a regret which was turned to joy, however, when the Telegraph Company presented him with a bottle of HIRSUTER'S HAIR SAUCE, or REPROGRESSIVE TOP-DRESSING, by a few applications of which, he entirely recovered his original allowance of "nature's greatest ornament, balmy locks."

To the above, of course, in a case of business should be added the address of the inventor, price of article, etc., etc. Thus could two desirable objects be combined—the improvement of the mind by the perusal of a delightful little story, founded upon fact, and the promulgation of a highly perfumed and indispensable article which *is* a fact.

Hoping that you will give insertion in your valuable journal to the above, which is of such importance to inventors, etc., etc., I sign myself Your very obedient servant,

PYBUS DOOLADY.

The War of The Dictionaries.

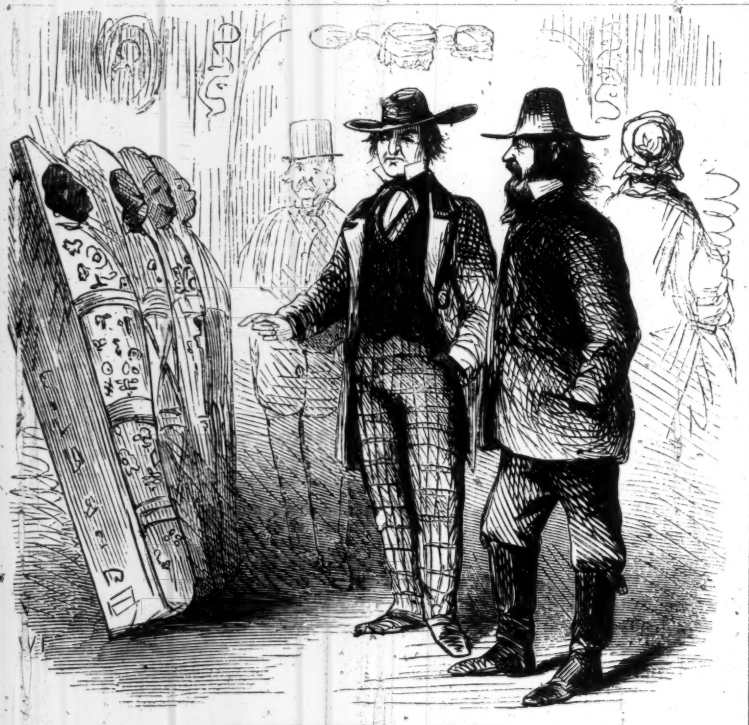
Newspaper readers will be delighted to learn that the Editor of VANITY FAIR at the earnest request of a suffering Public, has finally concluded to put a stop to this sort of thing—dictionary thing—and having planted SHAKESPEARE'S cannon against the ruthless invaders fires him off to settle the question, which he does thus:

"I learned in WORCESTER, as I rode along—"

King Henry IV. Part I. Act IV. Scene I.

Architectural.

The Steps taken by Baron RENFREW, since his arrival on this continent, may be considered, in the aggregate, as forming the greatest Stare case on record.



IN THE EGYPTIAN MUSEUM.

Shrewd Peorian.—"YES—THE ARTIS' THAT SCULPED THAT, DID IT PUTTY NATURAL—BUT DON'T YOU THINK IT'S GOT A KIND O' DEAD LOO ABOUT THE EYES?"

"Meen-Fun."

Attracted by the above caption, which caught our eye in a daily journal, two or three days ago, we were very much disappointed on reading the paragraph to which it belonged, and which had reference merely to an injunction respecting the trade label of a certain Chinese skin-powder called MEEN-FUN.

The reason of our disappointment was that, on first seeing the caption, we looked for what to us would have been a great treat—a fresh chapter from the REV. SPURGEON'S reminiscence of foreign travel.

Up and Down.

The words "up" and "down" have a peculiar local significance at New York, which it may, perhaps, be worth while noting for the benefit of those who dwell in less favored cities.

For example: when MERCATOR tells you he has been "down at the Island," he means Staten Island, where he goes to recruit—if possible.

But, when TOBY JIM remarks that he has been "up at the Island," he means Blackwell's Island, where he goes to repent—if possible.

On the Sea.

When STANLEY announces to RICHARD 3d that "Richmond is on the seas," can he have alluded to the worthy "Dean" of New York, it being very evident that in the matter of Fission he is all at Sea.

STUPENDOUS ENTERPRISE.

The dear old *Boston Courier* in the course of an article on the Ball to be given to the Prince of Wales in that city says:

"Ladies fortunate enough to be selected by His Royal Highness for Cotillions etc., are cautioned against speaking, except in reply to their royal partner, and then only in monosyllables."

That's the idea! We like that! Dancing a solemn business; we *might* say a Ball is almost as serious an affair as a prayer-meeting, but upon further deliberation we conclude it better not to say it. So we don't insist on that point.

If we were a Prince and were the object, or subject as some people would say, of such an entertainment we should manifest our royal delectation at the total absence of gabble there. We say 'gabble.' Gabble, with a large G. For the talk that is commonly talked as a matter of course at a Ball, is, of all stuff and nonsense the very hifalutinest that a generally beneficent Providence ever allowed any human above the age of one year or the about *to* talk. So we hail with joy unspeakable the idea that ATKINS *jr.* is about to—well, about to what? *Hein?* The poor women can't be commended to restrain their more or less youthful impetuosity can they *Courier?* and we doubt very seriously, whether the women of Boston could ever be coaxed to talk in monosyllables. That isn't the way they build 'em in that classic locality. In the very Hub of the Universe! Why, the natural condition of the most insignificant of hubs is to be spoked all ar— (Psha! that won't do, at all *very* bad!) Just think of the fellows all around that Hub that speak—spake—spoke—(We give it up—*tired* out! Can't do it alone. Always takes two men and a boy, to make our *mots*. Boy just gone to eat our lunch for us, to save time.) So to proceed, if the dear women can be neither commanded nor coaxed, how can the thing be done? Will the managers try to do the "No smoking allowed" sort of thing? Big crimson cards hung all around the room: "NO TALKING ALOUD!" And what an awfully awkward position for a live woman to be placed in! Answer in monosyllables! Just see how it works!

PRINCE, to magnificent (*i.e.* for Boston) creature gotten up gorgeously in blue and gold, a la Ticknor & Field. "Madame may I be honored by your company to *L'Etoile du Nord*—the next quadrille? MAGNIF. (for B.) GREAT. (smiling confusedly) My Lord—I—your——

"Well, what in thunder *can* she say? Just imagine the sensations of a palpitating woman who is not permitted under such circumstances to say even "very happy" or "delighted"; restricted to a sort of yes sir-ree, nod-and-a-wink style. What a pity it is that hap-pi-ness can't be done in less than three syllables. However, to reduce the thing to a demonstration, let us suppose that the smile aforesaid does the whole business; and by the way, *we* suggest that the ladies of Beacon and other streets, of the correct degree of respectability should practice up a series of conversational smiles; pathetic, epigrammatic, sympathetic or any other tic (douloureux excepted) How very entertaining the succeeding conversation must be.

But what *is* the possible necessity or provocation for this caution. Does the *Courier* apprehend that a frightful amount of ignorance may be exposed where it would be least anticipated? Are we to understand its language as a slur upon the intelligence of the Baron, or as a doubt of the abilities of Boston women? Ah! of the *Courier's* ability were only mut(e)ability—susceptibility of *some* change for the better, what a Godsend it would be to Boston!

Although our delight at the promised tranquility of the said Terpsichorean arrangement is ineffable, so to speak, yet we cannot demonstrate to our own entire satisfaction that the proposition is feasible. Neither can we, even with our acknowledged astuteness, account for this desire to repress and restrain the——BY JOVE!!! WE'VE GOT IT! we see it all now. We have had occasion heretofore to remark upon the immense amount of Instinct inherent in VANITY FAIR. It's a Big Thing! The hugest kind of an entity; consequently we repeat the observation. But in order that the perhaps incredulous Public may by assured that our instinct never is, never can be at fault we shall immediately despatch the *chef* of our Zoological Department to Boston to obtain the facts. We await his telegram.

P. S. (*twenty hours later.*) It's exactly as we suspected. Instinct, give us your hand! you've done us good service. Your emoluments will progress geometrically from this date. Behold!

SPECIAL DISPATCH TO VANITY FAIR.

BOSTON, October 1.—A. M.

"Ship has arrived. 413 passengers of the "What Is It?" tribe principally females. Consigned to BARNUM. I learn from private sources that 572 females have just been purchased at small advance on cost, and sent over to Cambury to be put through course of sprouts to prepare to *débuter* at Ball given to Prince of Wales."

Boston Courier, you're an old humbug. Your caution was only a sham—a blind. You may retire. Consider yourself squelched!

HORRIBLE AQUARIAM OUTRAGED.

SOME WICKED BOY HAS ABSTRACTED THE GOLD FISHES FROM MISS DUMBLE'S AQUARIUM AND DEHOSITED IN THEIR PLACE—A DEAD PIG!

MOUNT VERNONEST.

DEAR VANITY FAIR:—You know how I have always raved against the strong minded of my sex, who go about with little books and lists, devouring subscriptions for sewing societies, monumental associations, etc. *Eh bien! L'homme propose et Dieu dispose—me voila* enrolled a member of that excellent corps of Dorcases, whose charity and energy I have never until now, fully appreciated. "Call no man happy till he is dead," somebody in some language says, and I should have ejaculated a month ago, if my present occupation had been foretold to me in the strongest phrase which I could command, "Is thy servant a *femme forte* that she should do this thing?" But women have, you know, VANITY FAIR, even to other women when they choose, most irresistibly fascinating ways of cajoling one into all kinds of disagreeabilities, and to this irresistible cajolement do I ascribe my weakly consenting to become "Lady Manager of the —— th Ward in the City of —— for collecting subscriptions for the purchase of Mt. Vernon."

I have as yet, had but one experience of my duties, but ah! how I have blushed! how I have laughed! how insulted my dignity has felt itself! how ludicrous and annoying it has all been! Miss —— my charming superior officer, described the duties of the office to me as light and in no degree troublesome. "You have not even the embarrassment of a personal interview—ring the bell send up your book, wait quietly in the parlor, and whether a subscription is made or not is really personally of no consequence to you." It all looked bright *couleur de rose*, but my Vice Regent, in her handsome establishment, with servants galore to answer the bell and waiting rooms innumerable, in her pretty ignorance of all poorer inner lives—did not picture to herself houses where there was no parlor, and where the head of the house herself opens the door, and thus *forces* upon you the "embarrassment of a personal interview."

A few afternoons ago I set off, with an amiable coadjutor, also a victim to that Moloch—Mt. Vernon, and hopeful and brave rung my first bell. "Is the lady of the house at home?" was my natural question to the woman who answered my summons. "*I* am the lady of the house," was the indignant reply. Quite overwhelmed by this unpropitious début, and having no impromptu speech prepared for this emergency, I could only stammer out, confused and blushing, the object of my call, and was promptly refused all assistance. I tried the next door, and had the better fortune of being able to send my book up by a small child. Down she came with the unexpected response, that "the lady of the house was engaged, and did not want to purchase." What could she have imagined I wanted her to buy? Needles, tape, thread—or Mt. Vernon single handed! However the touch of the ridiculous was rather consoling, we could at least laugh, and so rang at the next house with more *sang froid*. HARRIS was the name on the door, so I inquired of the German girl who opened to us, "if Mrs. HARRIS was at home?" "Oh Ya-s," she answered, and I sent my green book up by her. In a few moments she returned, beaming with good humor and naiveté. "*Mr.* HARRIS says it does not suit, and the lady of the house—she is dead." With a burst of laughter at this unforeseen climax, and striking point of resemblance to the Mrs. HARRIS of Gampish notoriety, we turned off and were too much amused to be annoyed at the pertinacious refusals, the steady want of enthusiasm about the Mt. Vernon purchase which we met with in the whole street. One old lady, with a black front and wig curls, having not the least resemblance to hair, even horse hair, informed me snappishly, that she "*had* just subscribed and wasn't going to do so any more." "But to what," I urged, having grown a little bolder by practice. "Not to the Mt. Vernon cause, I am certain, for this is the first collection made in this ward." "Why to my own church, to be sure," she replied, shutting the door in my face—so, though I could not see the sequitur, I was of necessity obliged to leave the premises. An old Quaker doctor, who had received me with the utmost affability as patient, rose abruptly and dismissed me with the epigrammatic denunciation, "I have no money friend wherewith to whiten sepulchres." Another man, a draper and tailor, said with a puzzled air, "But what's the use of it, what's the good of it?" and though I tried vainly to lecture him into an admiration of the feminine patriotism of the Association, making sundry points and claptraps about Washington and his Life—I don't know but that I brought in the cherry tree—the *cui bono* was to him so insurmountable an obstacle that not one sous would he give. At one house where we rang, a fairy godmother of an old lady, little, trim, weird like, and wrinkled, informed me that she had been told she was to be called upon for her subscription by Miss SMITH—and so I was Miss SMITH! "No," I answered, feeling indignantly the truth of the old saying, "that a man's name was his skin," "I am Miss GREEN." "Ah! but they told me Miss SMITH was to call for the collection," evidently regarding me as an audacious impostor, and looking me from head to foot. Luckily I had my credentials written in my official book, and immediately produced them to my sceptical old friend. Being reluctantly convinced that I was not going to elope with the money, she relented and trusted me to the amount of one dollar, which I put in my purse rejoicing. Having spent my afternoon in this pleasant manner, rushing round into dark ill-ventilated houses, where the people, I am sure, know of no other phase of vegetable life but onion, where everything was so poor, that I felt I had no right to take any of their hard earned money, where I had been looked upon as a disagreeable beggar and adventurer, I returned home, having amassed the immense sum of $2.25!

Oh dear VANITY FAIR, can't you persuade everybody to come up voluntarily to the altar of patriotism and settle, not to be so followed up, and made to stand and deliver by us female Claude Duvals! I am sure that, popular as you are already, we women, in our gratitude to you if you would but succeed in your appeal, would then in some sequestered nook of Mt. Vernon, dedicated to the good geniuses of our country, raise a small shrine, sacred to the memory of our beloved VANITY FAIR.

Yours sincerely,

DORCAS GREEN.

The Best Out.

An enthusiastic retailer of Sewing Machines in Jersey City, has a placard in his store window: "The best $50 Shuttle Machine. *See them running up stairs.*" We must concede his claim of the best, for we have seen no shuttle machine that has been able to walk, much more *run up* stairs.

A Bier Bass.

A German lager bier concert saloon announces HERR —— the great base singer from the Royal Opera, Berlin.

Poor Fellow: "To what *base* uses may we turn at last."

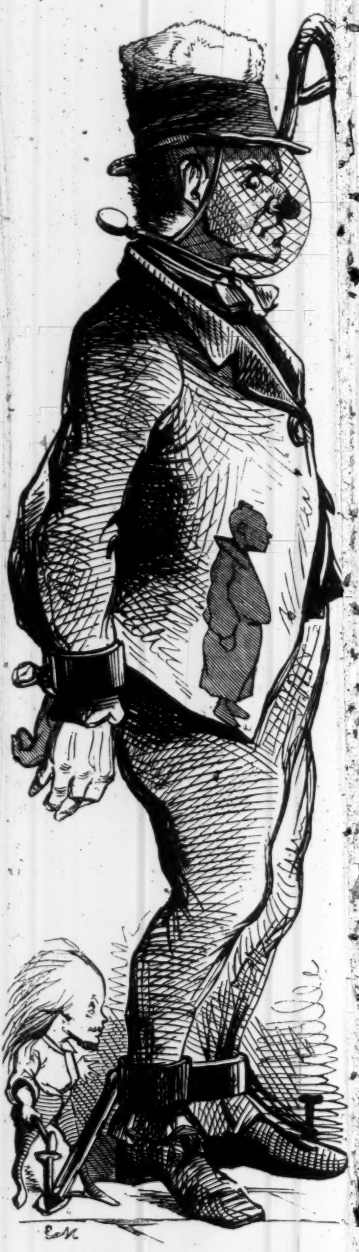
Will they Own to It?

The Irish Troops that went to Rome were called the Pope's Own. Now that they have come back in such sad plight, they shall be dubbed the "Och Own."

Spurgical.

Let the young gentleman who imagines himself the mould of form, forget that he is but a *form* of *mould*.

THE LAY OF THE COMMON SCOUNDREL.



CHILD of the Points, in squalor and sin—
Mother a harlot, who died of gin;
Whose son I am, at the present day—
I am not wise enough to say;
But that he was game, I'll bet my hat,
For I'm his kid, and nary a flat
Is your very humble servant.

About the age of nine or ten—
So long is it since, I scarce know when;
It might have been more or may be less,
But what's the odds if I stood the press—
I picked the lock and robbed the till
Of the squint-eyed grocer, Dutchman Bill,
At the corner of Little Water.

They locked me up in the Tombs awhile—
I'm not so sure that I liked the style—
And they hauled me up before the court,
But to cut the matter a little short,
Or not to nip the bud in its prime,
Which to perfection might grow in time,
There was found no cause for action.

So they let me slide, and what to do
For my bread and cheese I hardly knew;
But it chanced I found, one lucky day,
Down in the slums of old Cow Bay,
A cove who was more than a little tight,
So I drugged his rum and in the night
I faked his watch and money.

The watch I sold for one half its price,
Bought me a set of tools as nice
As any cracksman brave might choose
For turning a lock or drawing screws;
Bought me a suit of handsome plaid,
And looked the knuck in my close cut shad,
With its fancy cuffs and buttons.

O never was keener blade than I;
I'll tell you the truth without a lie;
I was scarce eighteen, and she still less—
They called her, among them, ARTLESS BESS;
I liked the girl, she was like her name,
And she liked me better than name or fame,
And I wasn't slow to know it.

I rigged her out in tog so fine;
I taught her the bloke—a trick worth mine;
She was quick to learn, was ARTLESS BESS;
Tidy she looked in her bran new dress—
A smarter wench never passed the doors,
Or did the rounds of the dry-good stores,
Than ARTLESS BESS, the rover.

I tired of the girl in a little while,
And all because she went back on her style;
She took to gin, and was, one or more,
Caught in the act in a Broadway store;
So I turned her off with a curse and frown,
To earn her living upon the town—
An easy kind of vocation.

I set up a policy office then;
And gained the favor of public men
By the active part and manly stand,
By the many votes I could command,
By my solid worth and judgment strong
In matters pertaining to right and wrong,
At the time of state elections.

What if they say I stuck my man;
Suppose I did, do you care a damn?
It was in my shop, he pressed me close,
I told him he'd have to take a dose,
He didn't mind, when I drew my knife,
And stuck him—only to save my life,
The life of your humble servant.

Our party won; and would you believe
They got me off—you may laugh in your sleeve;
To ease my conscience and give me peace,
They poulticed my bruises with a lease,
And gave me a license, rum to sell—
They could not have pleased me half so well,
Had they made me head of the Nation.

I lived and thrived on the drunken crew
That crowded my crib the whole day through,
I mixed my grog with what you might call
The very worst of bad alcohol,
And sold it for more than thrice its cost,
And came, at last, when I thought I'd lost,
To a seat in the Common Council.

O, I need not tell how rich I grew
On the city funds, it's nothing to you.
I ride in my carriage, drink my wine:
With the biggest bugs I often dine;
They court my acquaintance, so would you,
You honest fool, if you only knew
I am up for the Legislature.

The Oil Mania.

Cheerful is it to encounter paragraphs like the following, from the *Warren Mail:*

The more we see of the oil mania, the more are we confirmed in our first convictions that the business is greatly over-estimated and over-done.

In the Oil Mania Business there must be some method in their madness, else the *Warren Mail* would hardly be warranted in telling us that it is over-estimated. The fact is that business, generally speaking, is carried on in a very crazy way with all of us in the U. S., but heretofore very few papers have had the courage to come out like the *Warren Mail*, and tell us so. How would it sound for the *World* to tell us that:

"The more we see of the manly-dignity-mania, the more we are confirmed in our first conviction that the business is greatly over-estimated and over-done.

Hark from the Tombs!

Among the recent political events we learn that "the Hon. ROBERT TOOMBS recently spoke in Columbus, Georgia." Part of his remarks are thus reported: He said that his people might stand it if they choose; he had born it until another "hair would break the camel's back;" and here the speaker rising up to his full height, continued: "Now what is the speaker's true height, that of a camel?"

New Publications,

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For the week ending Saturday, Sept. 29, 1860.

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"This new comic paper has passed the trying ordeal of success, and is most decidedly entitled to the support of all those who love pure wit, dashed off from the pen or pencil."—*N. Y. Daily News.*

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"Especially creditable, both in matter and appearance."—*N. Y. Sunday Times.*

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"That would certainly be a very mild criminal code which should prescribe nothing worse to take than VANITY FAIR. We wouldn't mind being shut up ourselves, for a time, in such companionship."—*National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

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